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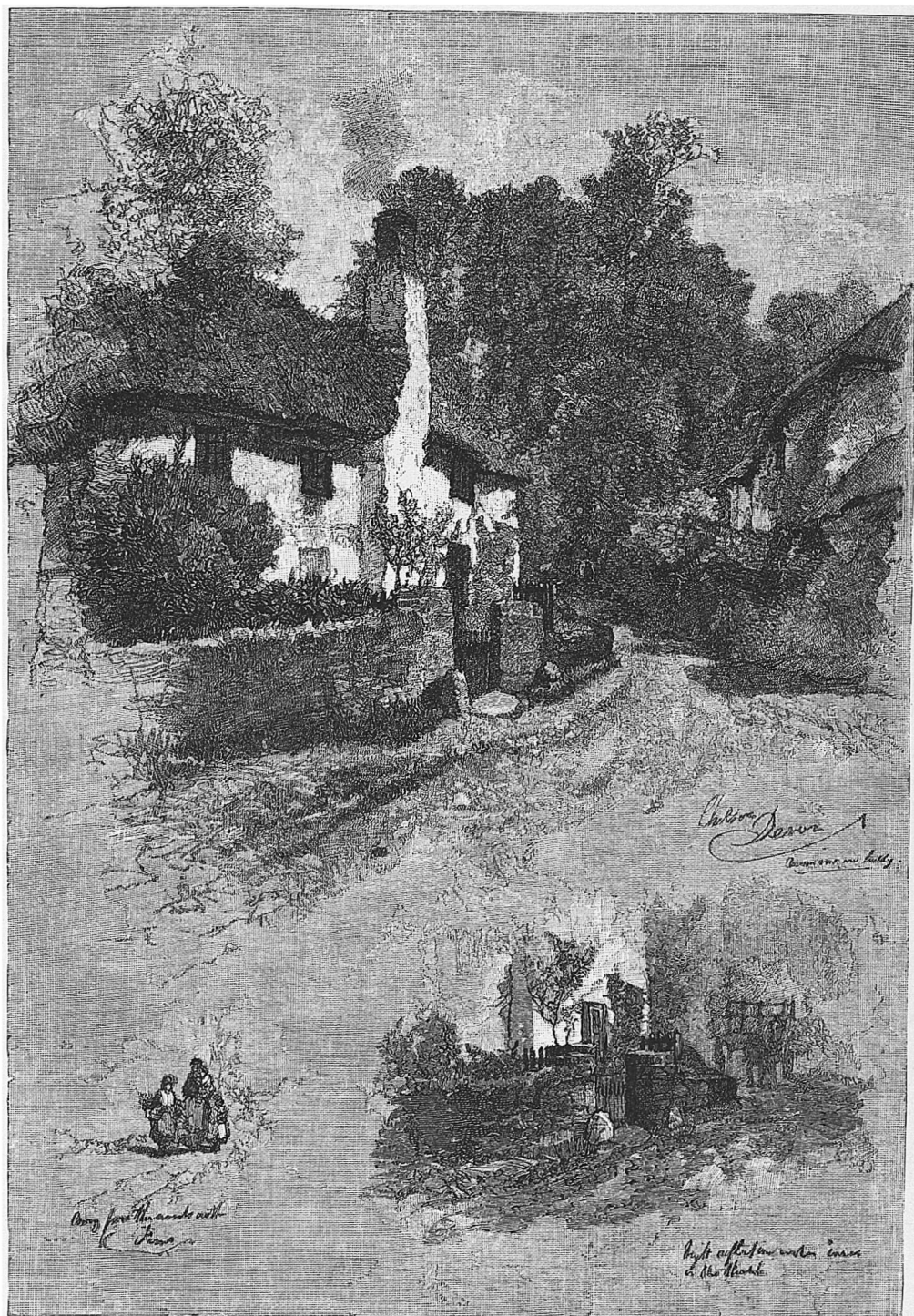
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SKETCHES AND STUDIES.

V.

FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF A. F. BELLOWS AND A. T. BRICHER.

THE idyllic charm of Mr. Bellows's reminiscence of a Devon cottage tells its own story. The engraving is an admirable specimen of tone-cutting on wood, and both illustrates and realises an attempt which a few years ago would have been considered



From Sketches by A. F. Bellows.

quite beyond the scope of the wood-engraver's tool. If the reader cares to compare it with the corresponding French or English efforts to commit to wood an artist's wash-drawing of a rural

scene, he will appreciate very adequately the superior motive and execution of the American engraver, especially in so far as these concern themselves with the reproduction of pictorial colour. Mr.

Bellows has long been a foremost representative of the American Water-Colour Society, and, in the annual exhibitions of that prosperous organisation—last season, it will be remembered, the Society sold at good prices almost all of its pictures, and so lively and protracted was the popular desire to obtain them that it was compelled to hold a supplementary exhibition for the convenience of would-be purchasers—his landscapes and figure-pieces invariably

receive the appreciation of hanging-committees and a lion's share of the attention of spectators. American elms have recently been his favourite subjects, and no artist in this country has more happily associated his name with the commanding beauty of those lordly trees; but, among his nine contributions to the Water-Colour Exhibition of 1880, none was more successful than his 'Afternoon in Sunny England,' in the East Gallery of the National



From a Sketch by A. T. Bricher.

Academy of Design. It was—as a water-colour picture should be—painted in pure, transparent pigments, without admixture of that pernicious body-colour which too often defaces the aspect of drawings which it never yet really helped. The aerial perspective and the exposition of sunlight were triumphant. The sentiment was true, and therefore, in this case, extremely winning. Any American who ever made the trip from Liverpool to London, or from London to Dover or Southampton, and cared enough for beautiful pastoral scenery to be impressed by it, would recognise

in this picture the true English aroma. And the same remark is applicable to the Devon landscape group engraved for this number of the *Art Journal*. This tender and sweet melody of modern rural life is as creditable a piece of work as Mr. Bellows ever did, and is alone sufficient to vindicate his right to the title of poet.

Some sympathy between Mr. Bellows and Mr. Bricher is suggested in the pictures that represent them on these pages. The style of the engravings is the same, and the rusticity of the landscape is echoed in the costumes and deportment of the maidens.

Shall we say that Mr. Bricher's interesting damsels, too, are a part of a scene in lovely Devonshire? Or would the artist insist upon their claim to be recognised as Americans—true sisters of the fair creatures whom he has so often shown us under New England beeches or by the sea-waves of the "rock-bound coast?" It matters little. They are self-composed, unconscious, contented, and their peace is reflected in their faces like Devon willows in a Devon stream. The purplish red leaves and pendent blossoms of

the fuchsias that grace the lintel of Mr. Bellows's cottage are scarcely less enviable or admirable than the graceful *insouciance* of these daughters of innocence. Mr. Bricher's sketch is essentially a sketch, and extremely happy as such. How much of its charm might vanish if its scheme were further carried out, we need not ask ourselves. It is as a sketch and for its worth therein, that it finds a place here. If Mr. Bricher's portfolios contain many records like it, it is a pity that the public cannot enjoy them.

THE MERMAID OF LEGEND AND OF ART.*

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c.



HAVE said, in the first few lines of my opening chapter, that but few fabulous or mythological objects have entered so largely into poetry and legendary lore, as well as into Art, as the Mermaid, and it will now perhaps be both pleasant and profitable to draw attention to the manner in which, by various writers, the subject has been treated, and to point out at all events one example in which it has been used as a lampooning emblem. But first, in continuation of the remarks in the last chapter on the Mermaid as a charge in heraldry, I would just allude to two examples to which my attention has been directed by the Rev. D. Agnew; these are the arms of the Barbot family, which are figured in the "Armorial de la Noblesse de France," and described therein as follows:—

"Arms of Bertrand De Barbot, as adjusted June, 1690. De gueules, au barbeau d'or posé en fasce. Au chef cousu, d'azur,



Fig. 35.—The "Bishop" Monster.

chargé de trois étoiles d'argent. En pointe, une mer d'azur, ondée d'argent. L'écu timbré d'une couronne de Comte. Supports. Deux sirènes." "Arms as adjusted 24 December, 1825, on the occasion of the title of Vicomte being conferred on Lieut.-Gen. Marie Etienne de Barbot. D'azur, à deux épées d'argent, posées en sautoir. Au chef d'or, chargé d'un barbeau de gueules. Couronne de Vicomte. Supports. Deux sirènes."

In the State Paper Office is preserved a remarkable and curious satirical drawing, which there can be no manner of doubt refers, in all its bearings, to the truly unfortunate, cruelly

used, and foully treated captive, Mary Queen of Scots. To this drawing and others of the same class Miss Strickland referred when she wrote in her "Queens of Scotland" that "among the cruel devices practised against Mary at this season by her cowardly assailants, was the dissemination of gross personal caricatures, which, like the placards charging her as an accomplice in her husband's murder, were fixed on the doors of churches and other public places in Edinburgh. Rewards were vainly offered for the discovery of the limners by whom these treasonable painted tricks, as they were styled in their proclamations, were designed. Mary was peculiarly annoyed at one of these productions called 'The Mermaid,' which represented her in the character of a crowned syren, with a sceptre formed of a fish's tail in her hand, and flanked with the royal initials 'M.R.' This curious specimen of party malignity is still preserved in the State Paper Office."

In *Midsummer Night's Dream* occurs the passage—



Fig. 36.—The "Monk" Monster.

"Oberon. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Oberon. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.